

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
SLAVERY.
NO. VIII.

MR. EDITOR—It has been objected that to emancipate the slaves, and give them the rights and privileges of citizens, would lead to an amalgamation of the whites and blacks. This is, however, I believe a Northern objection; and one which cannot pretend to a very accurate knowledge of *modern* fact in the South, or of the *legitimate* fruits of Slavery. Slaveholders know too much of the present state of things to make such an objection to emancipation. The great licentiousness of the slave system is not as generally known in the North as it ought to be; if it were, this objection would become an argument, and its abettors would contend for emancipation, from the very same reason that they now oppose it. This objection to abolition reminds me of the fact, that even pagans sometimes cry *heresy*! It seems to imply, that there is *no* amalgamation of the whites and blacks in the slave-holding states; whereas this is not the fact. By visiting the plantations of the South and West, you will find as many shades of color among the slaves, as there is in the system of Slavery. The blacks, pure and unmixed, are becoming comparatively scarce. Slavery is a legalized system of licentiousness. There is no restraint on the part of the whites; nor any resistance or redress on the part of the blacks.—Whether they be bond or free, they may not resist a white man, or bear witness against him. There are in our own church from thirty to forty thousand female slaves; and however strong may be their own principles, they are subverted by every white man, and are bound to come along. And the same is true of more than a million of our American females. The exposed condition of the slaves, both male and female, and the manner in which they are huddled together, is calculated to lead to a promiscuous intercourse among themselves. On many of the plantations such an intercourse is directly encouraged. And the female slaves are just as common to their owners and drivers as they wish them to be; and this of necessity. The resemblance of many of the mulattoes to their owners and drivers is too striking not to be noticed. Nothing is more common than for the father to sell his own child, and the son his brother or sister. The blood of colored persons draws the line of demarcation between human beings, and articles of merchandise. It is sometimes the case that those who are exposed for sale, are apparently whiter than their sellers or buyers.

Mulattoes are considered more valuable, especially for house servants; and therefore the temptation of filthy lucre added to lust, to an amalgamation of the whites and blacks. Now I would ask what proportion do mulattoes in the free states bear to those of the slave states; taking into the account the whole number of the black population? Do they bear the proportion of one to an hundred? And of the two evils, would not one legitimate mulatto be preferable to an hundred illegitimate ones? The prevention of this amalgamation is one of the strongest arguments for the abolition of Slavery. Liberate the slaves, raise them to the dignity of citizens, and the instances of amalgamation would be very rare; whereas, nothing now is more common. A white man would seldom desire a black wife, neither would a white woman of ten consent to marry a black man. If there is any good reason why a million of our American females should be liable to perpetual prostitution, contrary to their will, let it be brought forward. That many of the southern plantations (I do not say all) abound with evidences of numerous female violations, is too obvious to be denied. But I am reminded of your "word to the wise," and will now close this part of my communication, reserving my facts, or as Prof. Whedon is pleased to term them, "Elegant Extracts," for my next number. I cannot, however, promise equal brevity in all my future numbers. O. SCOTT.
March 3, 1835.

REPLY TO PROF. WHEDON'S NO. II.

POSTSCRIPT.—I have just received a second broadside from Middletown; and, strange to tell, I am not even so much as *mentioned*! The report was *tremendous*; but I have not seen or felt either *ball* or *grape-shot*. The Professor's magazine seems indeed to have exploded; but so far as I know, no one has been in the least injured. The communication alluded to reminds me of the fable of the "mountain that labored and brought forth a mouse!" It does not seem to be at all deficient in *point*, but where are the *arguments*? What tangible points does it present? What facts does it deny? Or what statements does it disprove?

Br. W. has a wonderful tact at disposing of facts by *wholesale*; merely denouncing them "Elegant Extracts." There is certainly no denying that he has a brilliant talent for that figure of speech called *denunciation*. The Professor has, however, one excellence, and one which I presume no person in this case will covet; it is *originality*. But the time may come when he will look upon his masterly productions against the friends of the oppressed, with less satisfaction than he now feels in writing and perusing them;—when he shall regret that many of his original thoughts had not given place to "Elegant Extracts"—and when his past exertions to soothe the consciences of slaveholders, slave-drivers, and kidnappers, shall almost defy the evidence of his own senses.

It is certainly my wish, Mr. Editor, that this discussion should be conducted with coolness and candor; that all sarcasm and personal invectives may be scrupulously avoided; and that the only weapons used may be *facts* and *arguments*. I hope the contest will not be one of persons, but principles. It appears to me (and I am not alone in the opinion) that brother Whedon attacks me, rather than my communications, or the cause I am trying to build up; and this must be my apology for any appearance of personalities in this communication; it is in self defence that I thus speak.

The communication before me does not contain much that I care to reply to at present. I will however notice a few things.

1. Br. W. intimates, that I have committed a crime in borrowing the facts contained in a series of "Elegant Extracts." But have I not always given either a *general*, or *particular* credit, when I have used the words of others? Why then harp upon this circumstance?

2. He manifests great solicitude for me when I take "to the original," as for a "young swimmer," and I suppose his communications are to be taken as evidence of the solicitude he feels.

3. He reiterates a few questions found in my fifth number, but does not attempt to answer one of them. He represents me as saying, that we are no better than a nation of thieves and robbers; whereas, I only asked, what are we better than these characters? Will the Professor show wherein we are better? Is it in this, that we perpetrate our cruelties by *wholesale*, and that too under *legal sanctions*? I said moreover, that "our national character is deeply stained with blood."—Can the Professor deny this? He has quoted my words, and that is all.

4. Again, He says my "extracts," as well as my "original remarks," are founded upon the idea, that the public sensibilities are dormant and need stimulating into excitement! I admit it. And I bring Prof. Whedon's communications in *proof* of the *sickly* state of public sentiment on the subject of Slavery. Can it be possible that Southern slaveholders have allies in the North, who openly plead for the continuance of oppression and cruelties? "Tell it not in Gath."

5. And yet, Br. W. tells us that in view of African wrongs the entire national heart feels from extreme to extreme, almost without exception, *one sentiment* of sympathy for those sufferings, and hope for their cessation. *Oh*, astounding assertion! Where is the proof? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Will brother W. tell us whether the nation feels as deeply for American wrongs?

6. Finally, Br. W. represents the Colonization Society as working out a great salient with respect to

the slave-trade—and this he attempts to prove by an "Elegant Extract." He tells us that "large numbers of slave-ships have been captured," but he forgets to tell us by *whom*? How many have been captured by the colony at Liberia? Or rather how many have been supplied by that colony with articles of merchandise, with which to purchase the natives? He tells us that parents used to sell their children where Liberia now stands; but does he not know that hundreds and thousands of children are every year sold by their ungodly parents in this country? And yet he thinks there is no cause for excitement—no sufficient reason to disturb the consciences of Southerners, or the sweet slumbers of Northerners!

The tendency of colonizationism, as it respects the slave-trade, will be more particularly noticed when I come to treat on that subject. O. S.

[From the Maine Wesleyan Journal.]

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

To be obliged, Hebrew like, to make brick without straw; or what is quite equivalent, to feel that the editorial columns must be filled with something possessing the attributes of thought, interest, and size; and that, whether you have materials for the fabric or not, it must be forthcoming within a specified time.

To get an article half written, and then be interrupted by some idler, who finds no more agreeable method of killing time than in pouring out his dullness upon you by the hour, until you hear the printer's rap, and the call for "copy."

To have your article misprinted, so as to make you appear very much like a blockhead, and that after you have corrected the proof, and reiterated your explanations.

To be obliged to read hieroglyphics, and after having done your best to decipher and render them into English, to get a castigation for mistaking the termination of an unimportant word, with a threat that any article "shall hereafter be sent where they will not be mangled and spoiled by the printer's hands."

To be bored with wretched prose, yelped poetry, with eight paged articles closely written, badly spelt, without a point, with a note to "Mr. Editor, please correct wat is rong."

To be blamed for speaking and for silence, for long articles and for short ones, for too much and too little of the same thing, in short, for every thing and for nothing.

Such, reader, are the comforts editorial; all of these, and ten thousand more are within your reach, and if you desire them, get nominated for the editorial chair.

VILE IMPOSTURE.

An old lady named Melnotte, 70 years of age, was in the habit of receiving the visits of a certain M. Dufour, who during the prevalence of the cholera, passed himself off for a medical man, and gave advice in that quality. He easily succeeded in gaining her confidence, and was entrusted with a secret of some importance. Mdlle. Melnotte acknowledged to him that the greatest pain she experienced arose from the remorse which she felt at having abandoned a son in the year 1795, whom she had deposited at the Enfants Trouvés. Dufour offered to make inquiries at the Hospital, and promised to bring her some intelligence of the child. Some time passed, every day there was a new demand for money, and a fresh promise. One fine day Dufour arrived quite radiant with good news. "Be happy," said he, "my dear friend (embracing her), your son is found; he is living; and what is more, is at this moment a sergeant in a regiment of the line in garrison at Besancon."

The poor old lady wept with joy, and offered prayers to heaven for the recovery of her son. She was anxious to set out immediately for Besancon, but she was too old, and the distance was too great. After a few days two letters arrived. They were signed "Melnotte fils," and were filled with expressions of the most sincere affection. Mdlle. Melnotte, who was the bearer of these letters, observed, "I am sure my son would be here immediately if he could manage it, but he is just recovered from a severe illness, and he requires a hundred crowns to pay a few debts, and the price of his leave of absence." Mdlle. Melnotte gives the hundred crowns. A few days afterwards Dufour arrives. "Your son," said he, "is at the foot of the staircase. I come to prepare you for the recognition. Endeavor to restrain yourself; be mistress of your feelings; too much emotion might be fatal to you."

The poor old lady took courage; a stranger appeared; she opened her arms, and the scene of recognition took place. It was not long before Mdlle. Melnotte made some very costly gifts to her son, and to Dufour; but they were not enough. It was necessary to make some testamentary disposition, made in favor of certain individuals. Dufour and the son accompanied Mdlle. Melnotte to the house of a notary named Chappelier; but the latter sent away the parties without having concluded the business for which they sought. Mdlle. Melnotte, in consequence, began to entertain some suspicion. Every day Dufour made some fresh demand. The jewels of the old lady found their way, one after the other, into his hands, and from thence into the Monte de Piete. She resolved to make some inquiries, and in a short time she learnt that her pretended son Melnotte was no other than a brother-in-law of Dufour. They have both been committed for trial.—French paper.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE IN RUSSIA.

The Invalide Russe gives an anecdote, which shows to what extent military subordination is carried in Russia. During a violent storm which took place on the 31st of July, the lightning struck a magazine connected with the laboratory of the artillery, where there was a large quantity of powder, and a great number of congre rockets. A soldier belonging to the 2d company of the regiment of Chasseurs of Neuchot, was stationed as sentinel near the magazine, and when it was in flames, some of the superior officers who repaired to the spot, seeing the danger in which the soldier was placed, ordered him to retire. He answered, however, with the most perfect coolness, that his orders were not to move more than three paces from the spot, and that he should not stir until he had proper authority to do so from the officer on duty. The brave soldier continued at his post until relieved by the guard, notwithstanding the imminent danger to which he was exposed. The honorable trait of discipline and courage having been communicated to the Emperor, the brave soldier was drafted into the Imperial Guard, and was rewarded with a sum of three hundred rubles.

"WHISKEY TOO MUCH."—The following description of a drunken row is from a North Carolina paper:—

It appears that during a drunken frolic between a dozen or more associates, which was carried on with great desperation for a long time, one of the party, however, being able to tell at the close of the battle the cause of the murrel, one of the individuals engaged in the fight lost a part of his lip, and another a part of his ear, and the dejected carer was sewed on the lip of the other sufferer by a tailor, who formed one of the company. All engaged in this disgraceful transaction were so completely intoxicated as to be entirely insensible of their proceedings.

The French Navy consists of 33 ships of the line, 8 (three docked); 38 frigates, 23 first class; 19 corvettes, 17 first class; 15 corvettes of 22 to 24 guns; 10 schooners of 12 guns; 20 steam vessels of 6 guns each; total, 155.

The United States Navy, built and on the stocks, consists of 12 ships of the line, 1 three decker; 20 frigates, 17 first class; 15 corvettes of 22 to 24 guns; 10 schooners of 12 guns; total, 50.

As an evidence of the perfection to which reporting and printing has been brought in London, the proceedings at Guildhall, nominating candidates for Parliament, and publishing eight columns of the "Sun," were published within an hour and a half of their occurrence.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1835.

SLAVERY.

We must remind those who furnish us articles upon this question, that we have but twenty short columns in the Herald. In these we must publish miscellaneous communications upon subjects of general interest—selections—biography—revival accounts—editorials—deaths—marriages—news—congressional, legislative, foreign, domestic—ship news—prices current, &c. &c. We beg them, therefore, and all others, to write with brevity. It is surely unreasonable, to expect that we, who have to cater for so great a variety, should furnish so large a portion of space to one subject. Indeed, our remark is unnecessary:—we do not think it is expected. If an individual desirous to excite an interest upon any subject, he must be very careful not to produce *satire*.

We shall hereafter, until we have additional reasons for an alteration, publish the communications from brothers Scott and Whedon, alternately. This will cause them to be more generally read, and give us an opportunity to insert a greater variety. We trust these brethren, upon reflection, will approve this arrangement [and will if possible, condense their articles into a column or a column and a half.

One thought more. We hope ALL writers upon this subject will avoid PERSONALITY. It will do no good, but much harm. Be calm, be calm, brethren! We have as yet no serious cause of complaint; but we know not what a "whisk of the pen"—impelled perhaps by an imperceptible amount of acrimony—may bring forth. ARGUMENT—sober ARGUMENT—involuntarily ARGUMENT, is what the public demand. The less sarcasm the better. The subject is of great moment. It requires solemn, prayerful, Christian-like attention. If the assistance of the Holy Spirit is implored, the discussion, however it may terminate, will result, we believe, in good to the Church. Dear brethren, let us ever remember that we are of one family, the followers of the lowly Saviour; let his spirit pervade our discussions with each other. "LOVE ONE ANOTHER," is an injunction never to be forgotten. If we have denunciations, let it be hurled at him who is out of the pale of charity—him who defies God and spurns his word.

ELEVATION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

It is necessary, before our colored citizens can be elevated to an intellectual equality with the whites, that they should make a united and energetic effort in their own behalf. Let them co-operate in missionary, bible, tract, Sabbath school, and educational associations, and their influence will be felt and respected. Our colored brethren at New Haven, as the following resolutions show, are taking the right stand. If they act perseveringly in consonance with their published resolves, they will be known and honored.—with the lovers of Jesus, the tinge of the skin will not be a line of demarcation.

Resolutions adopted by the Colored Congregation of New Haven, Feb. 15, 1835.

Whereas, a great interest is manifested by many kind and benevolent individuals in behalf of the colored people in this country, with an obvious design and effort to promote their best good, by inculcating those principles, and affording those means, calculated to elevate their character, and ameliorate their condition; therefore—

Resolved, By this congregation, that we recognize an increased and paramount obligation resting upon us to improve all the means in our power to insure the confidence and regard of our friends. To this end—

Resolved, That we will use every means in our power to support the institutions of the gospel; promote education to the extent of our ability; reverence and obey the laws; encourage and promote, both by precept and example, indefatigable industry, and rigid economy in the appropriation of our earnings.

Resolved, That we will do all in our power to reclaim the vicious and profligate, by bringing them under the influence of the gospel, with a hope thereby to wipe off the reproach attached to the colored people, for improvidence, prodigality, and a want of self-government.

Resolved, That we invite the co-operation of our free-colored brethren throughout the United States, to a united and personal effort to elevate our standing in the community, thereby making the best comment upon the great question of emancipation.

MISSIONARY EDUCATION SOCIETY.—We have received a number of communications from esteemed brethren upon "Coke's" proposition. We think the discussion has progressed far enough to draw out the principal arguments on both sides, and must therefore be excused from publishing any farther, at present, on the subject.

☐ We can assure our brother of the Maine Wesleyan Journal that we have very desirably to send the "Appeal" to his office, and to feel very confident it was put in the Post Office here for him.

PHRENOLOGY.—Mr. JONES is lecturing at the Masonic Temple, and converting scores of unbelievers to phrenology. He is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and renders his lectures highly interesting. He talks his views into his audience, in an easy style, without possessing even an apology for declamation. Go and hear, reader; if you dislike his sentiments, you will be pleased with his courteousness, and be instructed in physiology, if not phrenology.

FROM OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

CHARLESTON, S. C., FEB. 9, 1834.

DEAR BROTHER—I presume a brief chapter would not be altogether without interest to you, especially if it is brief.

I am rather agreeably than otherwise disappointed in the appearance of this city, although the buildings are mostly of wood, and very many of them in ordinary style. The city contains about 38,000 inhabitants. It is conveniently laid out, and but for the action of the humid atmosphere upon the buildings, would present a grand appearance. King street is the principal one for business and beauty, but this is quite too narrow—it is, however, a very pretty street, all things considered.

The public buildings are by no means of the first order, for size or elegance, though some of them are respectable. St. Michael's and St. Paul's Churches are of this description. The City Hall, Exchange, and Orphan Asylum are very good. The latter is a praiseworthy establishment, in which are about 150 orphans. This institution is sustained in part by the benevolence of individuals, and in part from the city treasury. But a fund is accumulating, which is designed in time to meet the whole expense; it now varies from 14 to \$20,000 per annum. Here thousands of these unfortunate are rescued from vice and degradation, and elevated to useful stations in society. Among those who have been the beneficiaries of this institution there are many who now fill honorable stations in society. Such benevolence is surely above all praise. The City Arsenal, which occupies a pleasant part of the town, stands like a deserted castle—altogether tenanted since the city authorities in their majesty ordered the U. S. forces to evacuate it. One feels here while looking back upon the last two years, as if standing near the crater of a volcano, that had but just ceased to disgorge its fiery streams of death, petrified with astonishment and horror, in view of the dangers he has just escaped.

The immediate danger that threatened the existence of our Union had but just passed, when another followed upon its heels. The famous, or rather infamous treason bill which came so near passing the Legislature at its

last session, had well nigh involved the State in a civil war of the most horrid character. The compromise that was so happily effected at a time when the passions of the people were wrought up to the highest pitch—when all were expecting the worst, and brother was prepared "with malice aforethought," to meet his brother at the sword's point—cannot but be attributed to the intervention of a merciful providence. The cloud has passed over, and both parties rejoice in the event; yet it will be many years before perfect confidence will be restored in the communities of the State.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in this city is in a tolerably prosperous state, though it is not at present favored with any special revival. The church numbers about 4,500 whites, and 3,200 colored members. The schism in the past year, has been made to produce some little excitement among you, and you may perhaps wish to hear a word respecting it. I know it is not perfectly easy to speak with entire impartiality upon such subjects, nevertheless we should. By the secession, the church lost some of its active members; but the leaders of the party were restless spirits, men who "loved to have the pre-eminence." "They could not," they said, "consent that their wives and daughters should sit on the same floor with the colored people!" Not with them, for he understood, the colored people occupy the gallery; but Bishop Asbury, when the church was built, provided for the accommodation of the old and infirm black members, by causing the space to the right and left of the centre aisle, as far as the walls, and as far forward as the front gallery extended, to be partitioned off for that exclusive purpose. This same provision was made in all of the churches; but these brethren wished to alter this regulation, and turn those persons up stairs. This was opposed by the older brethren, as also by Dr. Capers, then in charge, who assured them that they were respectable men, and though they were of another color, they were their brethren; and furthermore, that their contributions assisted not a little in meeting the expenses of the church. This last consideration gave offence. The idea that colored men assisted so much in supporting the church was *intolerable*! They then ordered the Trustees in Quarterly Conference to make such alterations in the churches as would rectify these evils, which the Trustees neglected to do for want of funds. This was the foundation of the whole difficulty. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

But what, you ask, has been the result of this secession? Why, that which happens in all such cases; families were divided, friends were alienated, and many pious and unoffending persons were by reason of their family connections led (I might have said, *forced*), away from the church and its ordinances, to backslide and perhaps to perish. The effect upon the "old side" is this: They have, in addition to the three churches now well attended, purchased and fitted up for a church, a building formerly occupied as an Academy of Fine Arts. They have raised between four and five hundred dollars more to meet the expenses of the church, than the year before. The Missionary Society, which in that year raised but seventy-six dollars, has this year forwarded about four hundred dollars to the Conference.

Some few have come back to the church, and others doubtless will when the excitement shall have passed—while others, it is feared, will live and die in the same spirit that led them from their brethren.

Yours, &c.

PASS NOT THIS BY, READER.—That eminent minister of Christ, the Rev. John Smith, of Sheffield, Eng., remarked while upon the subject of *believing*—That is the way I rise. I will not suffer myself to dwell on my unfaithfulness; if I did I should despond." Christian, commit this to memory, and keep the sentiment which it contains constantly before your view. Does any reader fear that this may be a somewhat dangerous doctrine, and that it would be better to be a little cautious in laying much stress upon it, lest some unfaithful souls should make an improper use of it?—You are mistaken, brother,—egregiously mistaken! You had better use it yourself, and you will love God and your neighbor better, and be more faithful than you ever were.—N.

FAST DAY.—Lieut. Gov. Armstrong has appointed the ninth day of April as a day of fasting and prayer throughout the State. We hope the day may be religiously, as well as nominally observed.

INTELLIGENCE FROM AFRICA.

Letters have recently been received at the Book Room, New York, from Rev. John Seys, dated Monrovia, Oct. 12, 1834. From one of them we shall make a few extracts. His health was very good, and the climate, he says, appears to be congenial to his disposition.

MONROVIA—HIS RECEPTION.

"I am pleased, much pleased, with Monrovia, and its inhabitants. Every thing exceeds my most sanguine expectations. I see vegetables and fruit trees with which I have been intimately acquainted all my life, surpassing in luxuriance any thing I ever saw in any of the fifteen West India Islands, which I have resided in and visited."

"I find the people intelligent, kind and hospitable. Our little society of 78 members appear generally to be walking worthy of their high vocation, and the faithfulness and zeal of the preachers are a source of much encouragement to the missionary. I have been much gratified while endeavoring to preach to large and attentive congregations the truth as it is in Christ, and in attending their prayer meetings, class meetings, and other means of grace. I called a meeting of the Quarterly Conference of the Monrovia station yesterday afternoon, presented my official appointment to the charge of the Liberia mission during the absence of brother Spaulding, and was very cordially received, and handsomely and affectionately welcomed by them. We had an affecting time; and while I listened to the account given by several of the brethren, at my particular request, of the state of the societies in other parts of the conference, the wants of the people, the Macedonian cry sounding from every direction—missionaries anxiously desired, application after application for schools, I wept in the fulness of my soul at the remembrance of our Lord's words, 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.' Surely this is an interesting field, and an effectual door opened into the heart of long neglected, benighted Africa."

"It is my present intention, the Lord permitting, to visit the different settlements in the colony as speedily as possible, and select that which appears to present the most healthful location as a place where I may become acclimated with least danger. Unhappily, long experience convinces us that Monrovia is not to be preferred. The marshes around us are laden with disease and death, and it is a great risk to the foreigner to remain here any time. Unfortunately, too, our mission house is situated in one of the most unhealthy parts of the town. I feel confident that if our respected and lamented Cox had seen it previously, he would never have made the purchase. Brother Spaulding commenced the addition of another room and piazza to the house, but very little has been done since his return to America. To finish it or not was with me at first a question that required much reflection, for independently of the unhealthfulness of the location, the land is not ours. It has never been properly secured to the Methodist Church."

VISIT TO MILLSBURG AND CALDWELL.

"October 27.—Since writing the above I have visited Millsburg and Caldwell. I went up on Friday, in company with Dr. Skinner, the colonial physician, a gentleman whose indefatigable labors as a medical man, as well as missionary, have won the hearts of the people. We left Monrovia at half past one, in a boat rowed by six sturdy Kroomen, and were propelled on the smooth surface of the Stockton creek with much rapidity. It is amusing to the stranger to see these useful fellows tugging at their oars and accompanying each movement with most vociferous and almost deafening song. After ascending the Stockton a few miles, the so much dreaded Mongrove swamps disappear, and the banks of the stream present a rich and luxuriant foliage, here and there interspersed with native villages. At the distance of eight miles from Monrovia, we stopped and dined at Caldwell. This most thickly settled part of this town is situated opposite the junction of the Stockton creek and the St. Paul river. The land here is very fertile, the colonists appear to be industrious, and their neat little farms and gardens, and comfortable habitations afford a pleasing prospect to the stranger. At half past five we left Caldwell, and launched forth into the beautiful St. Paul. This river is in some places three quarters of a mile wide, and the increasing luxuriance of the vegetation on its banks surpassed all I had expected to see. At nine we arrived at Millsburg, and were accommodated very comfortably at a house, which is at present the temporary residence of Gov. Pinney whenever he visits Millsburg, and will be until a building which he is having erected there is completed. If I say I am pleased with Monrovia and Caldwell, I know not how to express myself in reference to this beautiful spot. Surely nature's God has been lavish in his bestowment of blessings on this favored part of Liberia. The soil is extremely productive. Here may be seen cultivated with a little pains, and certain success, plantains, sweet cassava, potatoes, yams, papaws, sugar cane, arrow root, excellent cotton, pine apples, and a great variety of beans, peas, and fruit, all of which grow to an astonishing height, and well repay the labor of the agriculturist. The colonists are industrious, and suffer much less from ill health than those who reside in Monrovia. Indeed those who on their arrival from America went up the river immediately, either did not take the fever at all, or had it very lightly. The next morning after my arrival I called our little society of 19 members together and preached to them. They have a meeting house, but it is very small, yet would answer well for a Sabbath school house, could we erect a larger one. Millsburg is about twenty-one miles from Monrovia, and is thus much on the way to King Boatswain's territory, which I intend to visit the first favorable opportunity that occurs, should the Lord in his mercy see fit to spare my life. Unless the Grand Bassa affords a more healthful location than Millsburg, I shall conclude it to be my duty immediately to return there, obtain a lot of land; which, were I to judge of the attention and friendship of Gov. Pinney, thus far, there will be no difficulty in doing; have it secured to the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, and erect a house, where my family and those who come after me may get acclimated with comparative security."

The schools, by an act of the Court, ceased in November. The children are thus deprived of instruction. Br. Seys designs soon to open a school in the M. E. Chapel, under the superintendence of sister Farrington. Her health, he states, is rather feeble.

☐ Professor Whedon's article we received after the greater part of this week's paper was made up. It will appear in our next.

A SCENE IN OUR OFFICE.

Enter a man with a rufous face and staggering gait. "Are you (hic-hic) the A-agent of the Her-(hic) ald?"

"I am, sir."

"Well—hic—hic—is my name down?"

"We referred to our books and found it."

"Stop it!—discontinue it! (hic, hic) don't sent it agin!" said he, with wonderful rapidity for a man having so many trippings of speech, and reeling towards us, at the same time emitting a most offensive alcoholic effluvia.

"Do you wish it stopped because you dislike it?"

"Yes, it's—always—tot ting—about—Ten—(hic) perance. I'm a temperate drink—(hic, hic) er—don't like to be—insult—(hic) ed so."

"We are very sorry, sir, that our efforts in the cause of sobriety have done you so little benefit, judging from appearances."

His face assumed a deeper red, he hesitated a moment, then turned about in a curved line, and after one or two unsuccessful trials, succeeded in getting in a straight track for the door, and left us.

REVIVALS.

Extract of a letter from Rev. O. Wilder, dated Northfield Circuit, Mass.

The Lord is still prospering us on this circuit. About twenty in Northfield, have recently been made to rejoice in a Saviour's love. The prospects are encouraging in other places on the circuit.

Extract of a letter from Rev. J. Parker, dated Newton, Upper Falls, Mass.

Our prospects in this place are quite flattering;—the church is much revived, and a number have within a week or two been converted to God. We are yet praying—"O Lord revive thy work."

Extract of a letter from the Rev. William H. Hatch, dated Newmarket, N. H.

The work of the Lord is still progressing in this place. Quite a number of individuals have experienced religion within a few weeks, and others are serious, and are willing publicly to request the prayers of God's people.

☐ Christian charity, forgiveness, and heaven-born mercy are the sublimated essences, that emanate from the spirit of the Catholic creed.—*Roman Catholic Sentinel*.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE ABOVE.

SPANISH INQUISITION.—This institution was established in 1481, by the Roman Catholics, and was an engine used by them for the destruction of heretics. The following numbers were victims of that infernal tribunal from 1481 to 1808. Thirty-two thousand, three hundred and thirteen were burned alive—two hundred and ninety-one thousand, four hundred and fifty were imprisoned with confiscation of property, besides many thousands who were cruelly tortured. And this was in the Spanish Inquisition alone. How astonishingly these numbers would be swelled, could we present the hundreds of thousands, who have been the victims of Roman Catholic persecution, in different countries and different ages. O, the Christian charity, forgiveness, and heaven-born mercy of the Roman Catholic creed!—N.

TO ATHANASIUS.—The Universalist paper in this city wishes us to say that the "Light of Truth" is not recognized by Universalists generally. It is not an organ of that denomination.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. KINGSBURY—Lord Kaines very pleasantly remarked of an inebriated punster, who disturbed all rational conversation with his jests, that most men liked salt with their meals, but a man must have an extraordinary appetite, who could dine entirely upon salt. The same thing may be so true of P-p-per. Even the smallest quantity, if I may judge by the sample, in your paper of the 4th, must prove offensive to every reflecting man. Can it be possible that any man of any nation, will hazard his reputation for sanity, by a sweeping denunciation of nearly 5000 societies, comprehending the very best and ablest men of our community! I never knew

Poetry.

[From the Boston Observer.]
AD PATREM IN COELO.
AID.—"Convent Bell."

Far, far o'er the hill and dell,
On the breeze rolling,
List to the slow, deep bell,
Solemnly tolling.
Grief in its every tone,
Onward 'tis sweeping,
Telling that one is gone,
To his last sleeping.

Now to the fireside blaze,
Sadly we gather;
Tearfully round we gaze—
Where is our father?
Far, far, from the haunts of men,
Parted forever,
Earth sees us meet again,
Never, oh never!

Thanks for the gift he left,
His pure life story—
Death, that all else has left,
Dins not this glory—
On memory's gazing eye,
Thickly there gather
Relics that cannot die,
Of our lost father.

Thanks that the stern, cold tomb
Jesus hath risen,
That beyond earth's dull gloom
Gleams a bright heaven,
There in communion sweet,
Happy forever,
All faithful hearts shall meet,
No more to sever.

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY COWPER.

O child of sorrow, be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe!
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labor as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song!

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

Ere yet the evening star, with silver ray,
Sheds its mild lustre on this sacred day,
Let us resume, with thankful hearts again,
The rites that heaven and holiness ordain.

Still let those precious truths our thoughts engage,
Which shine revealed on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be passed,
Which all who lavish will lament at last.

O God, our Saviour, in our hearts abide—
Thy blood redeems us, and thy precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!

And as you sun descending rolls away,
To rise in glory at return of day,
So may we set, our transient being o'er,
So rise in glory on the eternal shore!

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

STEPHEN ETHRIDGE

Died in Sandwich, N. H., August 23d, 1834, in the 75th year of his age.

Brother Ethridge was one of the little band that embraced religion and united with the M. E. Church about 30 years ago. His trials were similar to many of our fathers', in the early history of Methodism. His house was a good home for the weary itinerant, to the day of his death. He sustained the offices of steward and trustee for many years. He did not say—"Be ye clothed and be ye fed" merely, but proved his faith by his works. He sustained the character of a pious, merciful, consistent Christian. He suffered much from the dropsy, for several months before he died; but he bore all his sufferings with Christian fortitude; and when the 23d of August arrived, he told his companion, early in the morning, that "his day had come." He had been up, and while the family were assisting him on to the bed again, his spirit suddenly took its flight to the paradise of God. He had long prayed for the salvation of his children. Some of them were converted long before he died, and others have been converted since. His son with whom he lived, experienced religion a few days after his death, and established family prayer, to the great joy of the widow and many of the family. Thus it appeared that the mantle of the father fell on the son, and thus it will be with faithful parents to the end of the world.

Sandwich, N. H., Feb. 16, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MISS JANE KEITH.

Daughter of Mr. Eleazar Keith, was born in Easton, Mass. Feb. 25, 1812—was educated in the fear of the Lord—in her youthful days experienced and gave evidence of the renewal of the heart in righteousness and true holiness, and after some delay and mature reflection joined the M. E. Church, and remained a truly consistent and eminently pious member until her death. Her life presented a beautiful exemplification of the religion she professed; her last sickness disclosed a scene correspondent with her life—an example of the power and triumph of the Christian faith. The summons of death in her case was given under peculiarly interesting circumstances. It came at a time when the world offered its dearest aspects. She was not weary of life, yet had attained to that exalted state of soul which made her ready to depart, saying—"I am prepared to die."—"I have no fear of death—I shall go to heaven." A little previous to her departure she addressed herself to a friend, saying—"I shall die: all the living will soon follow me."—"There are providences here that are dark—we must go into eternity to be able to hear an explanation. There are glories in heaven—we must go there to possess them."

She died, aged 23 years, in Groton, Mass., at her father's. He had recently moved to that place—Jan. 17th, 1835. Her remains were carried to Easton, at the house of her father's former residence, where her funeral was attended by a large and attentive audience, who evinced by their tears and solemnity, that she was beloved and esteemed, while they were addressed from Job xvi. 22—"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

D. KILBURN.

North Bridgewater, Jan. 22, 1835.

[The editor of the Boston Recorder is requested to copy this into his paper.]

Miscellaneous.

[From the London Court Journal.]

FEMALE HEROISM AND MAGNANIMITY.

We are assured that the following extraordinary narrative is strictly accurate in all its details:—

The acceptance of a most splendid villa, furnished with costly comfort, presented to an English widow lady, by a French nobleman of high distinction, in gratitude for the preservation of his child by that lady during the revolution in Paris, in 1830, has been most firmly and positively refused. Since those memorable days, every attempt had failed, to discover the preserver of the child; and the only knowledge gained was, that an English widow lady, pale, exhausted, her dress much torn, and nearly drenched with blood, had, from amidst a heavy discharge of cannon, silently entered the nobleman's apartment, and tenderly placed her little charge upon the sofa, bowed, and retired too swiftly to be traced.

A trivial circumstance, a few weeks since, led to the discovery of the lady's name and residence. Upon reading the document which put her in possession of the noble gift, she remained for a few moments silent and thoughtful; then turning to the legal gentlemen sent by the nobleman, to witness her signature of acceptance, she addressed them in these words:—

"Tell the father of the child I protected in the hour of peril, I return his offering with grateful feelings: thanks are not due to me, let them be given to that Being, who in the moment of danger, allowed me strength of mind to encounter the bloody scene. My reward claims no other notice, than the inward consciousness I feel, of having performed a Christian duty; and tell him, the motto I rest upon to guide my actions, is to endeavor to do towards others as I would have wished them to have done towards me, under similar circumstances."

A magnificent painting is in preparation, representing the awful period of the child's rescue, from an accurate sketch drawn by the officer, who rode the charger stopped by her heroic courage, and who obtained an interview a few days since, to entreat her permission for its execution, which has been granted, provided her name remains undivulged during her life-time. An eminent artist is now employed in taking her likeness.

FAMILY DEVOTION.—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved at the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the aged father, surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feeling, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal Father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates?

SABBATH MORNING.—At this hour thousands are worshipping before their God. Nations are hymning his praises in unison with each other. Princes have descended from their thrones, and are lifting up their voices to the infinite Jehovah. Even on the solitary ocean, the mariner's prayer is heard amid the dashing of the waters, and yet, the sinner remains silent—even amid the rejoicings of the whole earth.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

A GREAT MISTAKE.

We have received a printed paper signed by SHIRLEY W. WILSON, ABRAHAM D. MERRILL, LA ROY SUNDERLAND, GEORGE STORRS, and JARED PERKINS, in favor of abolition principles, in which is found the following sentence:—

"We shall show you that the Christian Advocate and Journal, the official organ of this Church, apologizes for the crimes of the enslaver of the human species, and attempts to justify the system."

Now we deny that we have ever done either the one or the other. We may acknowledge the existence of a disease, and yet disapprove of the remedy of a physician, real or pretended, by which he proposes a cure. Because we do not approve of the measures of the abolitionists, is it fair to infer that we "apologize for the crimes of the enslavers of the human species?" The same brethren accuse us of entering into the party politics of the day, because we have spoken against foreign interference in our civil affairs. Is this fair? Is this conduct compatible with that golden rule which they think so effectually puts down Slavery?

We should hope that a cause which they think is so clearly sanctioned by the word of God, might be sustained without such perversions of the sentiments of others. And we can assure these brethren that they will not be likely to gain real strength to their interest by such unjustifiable attempts at misrepresentation.

We should not have noticed these things at all, had they not been embodied in a printed document, and sent out under the imposing title of "ZION'S HERALD—EXTRA," called "An Appeal to the members of the New England and New Hampshire Conferences of the M. E. Church."

We wish, therefore, all our friends to understand distinctly that we deny the above charges in toto, and challenge the proof. And let it be remembered that what we have said in favor of the American Colonization Society, or against the doctrine and measures of the abolitionists, has no bearing on the question. Neither of these touches the question of Slavery. In them both we have followed the voice of the General Conference, of the last New York Conference, and we believe also some of the other annual conferences.

We see and deprecate the disease, but we do not approve of the prescriptions of these physicians. This is the whole of our offence. We have not, therefore, set up our own will in opposition to the voice of the Church, as this "Appeal" represents, but have echoed the language of the General Conference, as expressed in the Discipline of the Church.

We know not but that it is a crime equally heinous in the sight of God, to bring false accusations against brethren, and thus wound their character by the lashes of the pen, as it is to maltreat a fellow being with corporal punishment; the only difference is, one inflicts pain upon the body, while the other fixes a stain upon the moral character.

These brethren also intimate a want of independence in the Methodist press, because it refuses to publish certain extracts from Wesley, Clarke, and Watson, so as to sustain their views of immediate emancipation. We judge, however, that this is not our crime in the present instance. It is because we dare to be so independent as to decline to publish

communications, that they have taken offence. If we would consent to resign our own judgment in respect to the propriety of what should be published, and join with them in stigmatizing the General Conference, as they have done in their "Appeal," and publish their speculations in favor of what we conceive to be an impracticable theory, we doubt if they would complain of our want of independence or dependence. It is therefore the independence of our course which has called forth these heavy censures—we have had the hardihood to differ from them—this is our crime, for which we must be posted through the country in the manner above rected.

Having said thus much in self-justification, we venture a word of advice to those brethren, for whom we have entertained a cordial esteem and affection, and who certainly have as good a right to their opinions as we have to ours. We advise them then,

1. Not to censure harshly those of their brethren from whom they may dissent, no doubt conscientiously and honestly, as being reckless of the interests of the Church, and of the happiness of all classes of our species.

2. If they find it their duty to disagree with the Christian Advocate and Journal, and to controvert any of its articles, we advise them to quote our words, and not attempt to fix sentiments upon us which we disavow.

3. We submit it to them whether it is prudent for them to array themselves against the General Conference, in the manner they have done, as well as to take such strong exceptions to their own Discipline, as would denounce nearly one-half of the ministers and members of the Church as being little better than "man-stealers," "drunkards," and "Sabbath-breakers," &c. We think that comparatively young men should manifest a little more of diffidence than thus to question the wisdom, if not even the motives, of the highest authorities of the Church.

4. We advise them to reflect seriously on the consequences which are likely to result to the Church by taking such strong ground on a subject of at least questionable policy, and which is disapproved of by probably nine-tenths of the ministry and membership of the Church throughout the United States.

5. If, however, they think, as doubtless they do, that it is their duty to use their influence to promote the objects of Anti-Slavery Societies, we advise them to treat their brethren from whom they dissent with fairness, and not build arguments upon wrong or doubtful assumptions.

We conclude by remarking that our course in respect to the question before us has been dictated by what we have considered, and do still consider, the principles laid down in the Discipline of our Church, and have our most hearty concurrence. Any measures which may be adopted, after mature consultation, for removing the evils complained of, will be hailed with pleasure, we believe, by every American, north and south, east and west, and by none more cordially than by the Editors of this journal; but we do not believe that the measures adopted and pursued by the Anti-Slavery Societies will be productive of such a salutary effect.

We have received from the brethren mentioned in the above, a reply, which will appear in our next.—Ed. Z. H.

HEAD DRESS.—The other night we had a great deal of company—eleven damsels, to say nothing of men. I protest I hardly do them justice, when I pronounce that they had among them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass plots, tulip beds, clumps of pines, kitchen gardens, and green houses. * * * To this incredible, but fashionably folly, Garrick put an end, by appearing in the character of Sir John Bute, dressed in female attire, with his head decorated with a profusion of every sort of vegetable,—an enormously large carrot dependent on each side.—Hannah More.

VIRGINIA.

BY R. H. WILDE, OF GEORGIA.

Thou hast thy faults, Virginia!—yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine—
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone—
And made the wonders of thy valleys mine.
Some marvel yet unmarked—some peak whose throne
Was loftier; girt with mist, and crowned with pine;
Some deep and rugged glen with copse overgrown,
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmured lone;
Or the dark cave where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch across the blue sky thrown,
Or else those traits of nature, more divine,
That in some favored child of thine had shone.

* The Natural Bridge.

REV. R. HALL.—It has been often remarked, that intimate communion with God is one of the very best preservatives from error; and it may be further recommended, as one of the most effectual means of detecting any error we may have already imbibed. The late Rev. Robert Hall, in the early part of his ministry, doubted the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit; but, increasing in the spirituality of his mind, and becoming more ardently attached to secret devotion, he found that, whenever in private prayer he was in the most deeply devotional frame, "most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all," he always felt himself inclined to adopt a Trinitarian doxology. This circumstance occurring frequently, and being more frequently meditated upon in a tone of honest and anxious inquiry, issued at length in a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation.—S. S. Journal.

[From the Western Methodist.]

MANNERISM.

It is a fact that those who have the strongest minds, and are the most absorbed in the subjects of which they speak to a public assembly, are oftentimes in the habit of using extraordinary and ludicrous gestures. Many a celebrated speaker, if he could only see and hear himself speak as an auditor does, would run out of the assembly. It is a fact, that every man speaks and acts while speaking very differently from what he thinks he does. Some do not know that they screw up their faces like a whipped child, while uttering the most soothing and placid sentiments; some do not know that they bellow like bulls while they are telling of the soft whisperings of divine love; some do not know that they use their good-looking eyes most abusively by squinting, leering and blinking upon the thread of the discourse.—Lord Brougham, it is said, has a habit of jerking his long anti-Roman nose towards his ear when he is speaking, by the action of the muscular flexors.—The Rev. Samuel Taggart, of Massachusetts, who was for some years a representative in Congress from that State, was in the habit of catching flies and killing them while he was

preaching. He used to pray with his eyes open; and once, while praying, turned round, looked out of the pulpit window, counted every one of a large drove of cattle passing by, and kept his prayer going on all the while.

But why write these strictures? Every one who reads will know that he is not meant.

A POWERFUL SERMON.

I have now spoken of so much startling preaching, that I will give you a sermon which appears to me one of the sublimest I ever heard. At any rate, there is no ranting or cant in it. An acquaintance of mine marched a volunteer against the French in 1813, and had been made, by the time to which I refer, an officer. Previous to his taking arms he had been a student of theology, and is now a minister. On the morning of the battle at Leipzig, the commander of his battalion called upon him to preach to the soldiers. The usual scaffold of drums was formed; the regiment was placed on a hill, the view from which extended over a large part of the field of the largest battle ever recorded—the "giant battle," as it has often been termed. It is easy to imagine how the preacher felt when he stood on his elevation, and looked on his brethren in arms, and on the extensive plain which was soon to drink the blood of the brave in torrents. He began, "Brethren, warriors—there is the enemy of our country—there is God, (pointing toward heaven)—pray!"—he could say no more. The whole congregation in arms prayed in silence, when the distant thunder of artillery called them to their martial duty, and gave the signal that the murderous contest was beginning, which raged three days, and decided the fate of Europe.—Dr. Francis Leiber.

REV. DR. BUCHANAN.—The dealings of divine Providence, in reference to the early lives of his ministers and their introduction to their office, are very frequently remarkable. Those who have read the life of Dr. Buchanan, as published by the Rev. Dr. Pearson, must have observed this. He was born in Scotland and had received a respectable education, when he romantically determined, without experience and without money, to see the world. He came in a most singular way to London, heard the Rev. John Newton, and beginning to see his folly, wrote to him. Mr. N. requested, from the pulpit, that the writer of the letter he had received would wait upon him; he did so, and a friendship commenced, which led to Mr. B.'s introduction to Henry Thornton, Esq., to his education at the University, at that gentleman's expense, and to his subsequent usefulness, which is so generally known.

A CLERGYMAN.—An eminently useful clergyman writes thus:—

One sermon, or single sentence of a sermon, may be like a nail driven in a sure place, which never through a long life loses its hold; or like a seed which lies hidden for a long season, but at length takes root and bears fruit. I well remember that the first serious impression made on my own mind was by the text of a stranger, who preached at K. L. Church, when I was five or six years old. I remembered nothing of the sermon, but it is impossible to state the full and blessed influence which his text produced in after years. It was Isaiah i. 18: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

REV. T. ROBINSON.—The late Rev. T. Robinson, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was originally intended for trade; but discovering considerable literary talent, his parents consulted the clergyman on whom they attended, and determined to confer on him the advantages of a university education, with a view to his entering on the Christian ministry. When he was one day met by a poor shoemaker, who inquired whether he was not about to be trained for a clergyman, and being answered in the affirmative, the man replied, "Then, sir, I hope you will study your Bible, that you may be qualified for feeding the sheep of Christ with the bread of eternal life." The hint was seasonable, and a divine blessing attended it. Mr. Robinson never forgot it while he lived; and he labored, as is well known, for many years, as a faithful and successful minister of the gospel.

DANCING.

A pious minister, being on a journey, stopped at a public house to refresh himself. During his stay, he observed a young woman who appeared to manifest a considerable anxiety; the cause of which, he was ignorant of. At length he inquired the cause of her apparent concern; when she answered him as follows: "Last night I dreamed that I went to a ball (where I intend going to-night), and after I had been there a while, I grew faint. I thought I was brought home and placed in that chair. I thought I fainted away and died; that my soul was carried without sight of heaven, where I beheld the happiness of the saints. 'O!' said I to my guide, 'I cannot go there.' 'Well,' said he, 'if you don't wish to, you never shall.' So saying, I was plunged down, down, down into blackness of darkness forever!" After hearing this recital, the minister urged her not to go; but she would not be persuaded. She went—grew faint, and was brought home and placed in that very chair—fainted away and died. Thus far her dream was verified; and whether the rest was, is known only to God. Oh, to die in such circumstances, to go from a ball-room to the bar of God, to be sent from the place of sinning to the place of suffering; oh, how dreadful! O, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end.

The pleasure of living and travelling within the control of Prince METTERNICH, will be estimated somewhat by the following account, given by N. P. Willis, Esq., editor of the New-York Mirror, who speaks from experience.—Ed. REC.

EXAMINATION OF A TRAVELLER AT VIENNA.

The strictest and most comprehensive examination must be submitted to. You are requested to declare your name, your means of living, your profession, whence you came, whether you intend to go, the objects of your journey; and to exhibit your letters of credit and of introduction. If you come direct from England or Paris, the inquiry assumes a still more serious character; and if perchance your pursuits are either literary or legal, your position begins to be troublesome; authors and lawyers are regarded with peculiar suspicion by the agents of the Austrian police. Huge books are examined, files of papers are ransacked, to see if your name is not already entered with red letters—if it has not been appended to some pernicious article in a political journal, or enrolled

among the ranks of the carbonari, the "friends of the people," or the *buraschenschaft*. If at last it is found unconnected with either of these dreaded and noxious objects, your "permit of residence" is delivered to you, but with hesitation and many suspicious looks; but do not be in haste to congratulate yourself. The alarm has been given; the secret agents know you, watch you, surround you, at every step and in every situation—in the streets, at your meals, in your occupations and amusements, even in your very bed. The humble menial, jacket and green apron, who brushes your coat in the morning before you rise, is a spy of the police; so is the porter who takes your letters to the post office—the shopman who sells you a watch ribbon or a sheet of paper—the wretched girl who accosts you at the corner of the streets, as you return late at night from the opera—the sexton who conducts you through a church or a cathedral—the polite stranger who helps you at table, or hands you the newspaper in a coffee-house. At Vienna nothing is too unimportant for investigation; conversations are listened to—letters opened—movements, however trifling, carefully noted—every thing falls into that vast, all-grasping, inevitable reservoir, which is called the police; and one might almost suppose that Metternich kept spies upon himself, so integral a part of his system is universal espionage—like the miser who used to rob himself at night for fear that others should do it for him.

[From the Boston Courier.]

A COUNTRY SNOW STORM.

A cheerful sight it is to see a line of twenty-four yoke of cattle drawing a sled covered with boys, as a ship's bottom with barnacles, so thick that they are not room for another, while twenty red-faced pioneers with shovels, trace a line through the drifts, or remove their neighbors' landmarks and fences, when the snow is too deep in the road. It is seldom that a Yankee farmer wastes time in joking, but this is an occasion on which he sometimes gives way to that unprofitable pastime. The snow that contracts other things expands his cheerfulness, and by the time the whitened procession arrives at the mill, the blacksmith's shop, or the meeting-house, there are flying a great many jests and snow-balls—or jokes, practical and theoretical.

Honest souls! may it be long before ye have to make a road to the grave-yard, and when ye do, may it not be by the way of the grog-shop. A farmer in a deep snow is a patriarch—his family is like that of Noah shut up in the ark, and the animals are in the barn. He goes to bed while it is snowing, and opens his door in the morning upon a drift of eight feet high, or about a foot taller than himself. He seizes his wooden shovel of his own manufacture—three feet square, and cuts a trench to the woodpile, and in five minutes he has a rousing fire and the tea-kettle hanging over it for breakfast. He then digs out to his barn, where he finds the old rooster on the great beam crowing, though half covered with snow. The cattle give him a friendly look and he returns the salutation. He sets before them, in Bottom's phrase, "a bottle of hay" ("good sweet hay hath no fellow"), and in five minutes, horses, oxen, cows, and yearlings, are chewing and grinding, as if for a wager.—
"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint."
"How happy would the farmer be
If all his blessings he could see."

FEMALE GRUMBLER.

There were more circulating libraries in the town than one, but the principal was that which had a news-room connected with it, and was kept by one of the congregation to which I had the honor of preaching. The keeper of the library was a widow, whose chief characteristic was the severity with which she regarded the failings and faults of mankind, mingled with a very lively feeling of the evils or inconveniences to which she practised grumbling, because she was naturally and constitutionally eloquent, or whether she became eloquent from the practice of grumbling, I could not tell. For my part I never dared to pass a day without calling to see her; for if I did, I should have to undergo a most dismal expostulation from her. There was such a mournfulness in her style; it was not a good downright sturdy sort of grumble, it was all sorrowfulness, and almost, nay, sometimes quite crying. She used to say that she felt herself a burden to every one; and when any one came to see her, she used to express herself so deeply obliged by every kind attention, though at the same time any omission of such civility would provoke a serious fit of lamentation. She converted, or rather perverted every thing into the means of mournfulness. She had the knack of making things joyful the means of sadness. Her thankfulness was lamentable; she had a kind of piety, peculiar, I think, to herself, for every painful or unpleasant circumstance in life she regarded as a punishment for her sins, and every thing that was pleasant, prosperous, or agreeable, set her upon grieving at the thought that it was more than she deserved. In dry weather, she thought that the earth would be parched up, and that all vegetation would perish; and in wet weather, if she could not see a rainbow, she thought that another deluge was coming to sweep away the inhabitants of the earth. She saw in the world nothing but sin and sorrow. She used to say that ministers of the gospel should never laugh, and that they were black to intimate that they were in mourning for the sins of the world.—*Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.*

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between us, under the firm of SKINNER & TOTHILL, was dissolved 22d Jan. last, by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be settled by N. K. SKINNER, at their late place of business.

NOAH K. SKINNER.

WILLIAM TOTHILL.

Feb. 10, 1835.

COPARTNERSHIP FORM: D. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership, to take effect from 22d Jan. last, under the firm of SKINNER & TOTHILL, and have taken the store corner of Merchants' Row and South Market Street, occupied by the late firm, where the Tailoring business will be carried on as heretofore.

NOAH K. SKINNER.

WILLIAM TOTHILL.

Feb. 10, 1835.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.
1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum paid in advance. The business of the firm will be settled by N. K. SKINNER, at their late place of business.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.
3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.

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BENJ. KINGSBURY

ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATE

David H. Eld

FOR ZION'S

REPLY TO

Mr. Editor.—In Zion's I find a most singular article. Fisk. His object in the out have been to make known a member of the New-H made of his temperance a part of his communication subject. As much of it as dispose of. Was not Br. Fisk, under his immediate eye? Doctor's help.

I suppose I am the person sentence; but if I am not, will correct me. "Even a 'raw-head and bloody-bone' district; and at his own expense weekly one hundred copies of the day, to stir up among same exclusive, censorious.

1. By the "raw-head and Br. Fisk probably refers Slavery in the United States full delineation of some of the slave-holding system; and well for him to have read it in this manner. If this, one, it is not in consequence of its author, but because it fully spreads out, is of a bones" character. But he to see a Christian ministry, the religious and literary v ful expose of the cruelties of istic too, an inhabitant of this evince that public sent sickly state? Could a holder have treated such a sickly state? This is the way in which cal are proscribed by color superficial, if any knowledge.

2. I have not sold nor g book within the bounds of Picture of Slavery, nor did did the Doctor learn of "raw-head and bloody-bone" district? It is a fact, purchased several hundred ture of Slavery, which I away; and if I were able, thousand copies of that vlar character, into as many of our country.

3. It is true, that I am my own expense, one luntor, to as many ministers that our preachers may in ject of Slavery; and I calculated to give the no other paper I know of in is wholly devoted to the sides. But Br. Fisk thinks unreasonable;" and I am over it so much that he he for, really, I do not think with his article, need be improper measures to m ist; all I ask is, read no of abolition books and plic addresses on the subj zationists most dread—r al consequence of discus sion standard. If Br. F from my one hundred co apply an antidote. An ed on Slavery," in that fo He can put a copy of the hundred preachers for would be he opposed to ject of slavery? The re clecty would, perhaps, a have no objection to the dots. These alone would abolitionists. My moti tor, are, I think, pure, subject fully before our

Dr. Fisk reiterates the colonizationists, and wh threadbare.—Why w North go where [to the upon their own teachi sufficient reasons; one of work yet to be done this, I bring Br. Fisk's go to the South we wish ren in the North. We a volley" poured upon us were vain to lecture se are undoing our work. North become enlighte of abolition is half acc are so many abolitionis (pardon the expression, offend you; for, if your character, I must conf work is greatly retarded the influence of clerg tlemen and ladies—let as common as tempera Synods, Legislatures, an bles, and we want no